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THE NURSE'S VISION

*Composed at the death-bed of Mary Anthony. Miss Shanks attended
both the Anthony Sisters in their last illness.*

WATCHING by a dying bedside
At the quiet hour of dawn,
I was wearied with my vigil,
As the hours crept slowly on,
And the burden of earth's sorrow
Hovered o'er my spirit, when
I beheld a wondrous vision,
Seldom given to mortal ken.

Heaven's portals opened widely
To receive a glorious band—
Troops of youth and little children,
Gathered close to Christ's right hand—
And His gracious welcome sounded
Through the shining halls within:
"I am waiting to receive thee.
Little children, welcome in."

Entering through another portal
Came an aged pilgrim band.
Worn and faltering seemed their footsteps
Ere they reached the better land.
"Well done, good and faithful servants,
Wear the crown which thou hast won."
'Twas God's voice that gave the welcome
From the earth to Kingdom Come.

And my soul was filled with longing
For that Heavenly Home so bright,
Where our Father takes the aged
When they pass beyond our sight.
All earth's sorrow dropped beneath me
As I heard the children sing:
"Glory be to Christ our Saviour!
Hallelujah to the King!"

MARGARET A. SHANKS.